



SATURDAY, MAY 5 1900

A HIDDEN LIGHT.

My Uncle Jim's a wonder; He would know just what to do in a military crisis. Say, another Waterloo. He could figure in a minute. How his side might win the day. And get out with banners flying. But none ever came his way.

In political transactions He has foresight rare and keen. He would know what string to pull at As he stood behind the scene. In a "coo-dy-tah," I tell you, Gen'l! That's what he'd display. Changing all the face of history. But none ever came his way.

As for finances, too, That is where his talent shines; He knows how folks should handle Railroad pools and banks and mines. Pitting through his undertakings Seems to him a pastime gay. He could fix 'em in a jiffy— But none ever came his way.

Uncle Jim is livin' quiet In his house behind the hill. And the world goes on without him Missin' all his brains and skill. War, diplomacy, finance Would have felt his master away Had occasion only offered. But none ever came his way. —Washington Star.

UNCLE PETER

By Kennett F. Harris.

THERE is a cheery old gentleman living in a western suburb who is wont to boast of the number of friends he has.

"Everybody likes me," he says, in his open, candid way, "and of course it's natural that they should. There ain't no good reason why they shouldn't like me, is there?"

Of course the person interrogated says there is no good reason and the old gentleman, recognizing in this an added tribute to his popularity, is much gratified.

"The only enemies I ever had were the people I've lent money to," he resumes. "Now, you're a friend of mine and I like you, just the same as you like me; but if you was to ask me to lend you \$50 I'd tell you to go plumb to Jericho—then I'd keep your friendship. Spoken I should lend you \$50. Do you know what'd happen then? No, you don't need to tell me you'd pay it back promptly, just the way you said you would. I know all about that. No, sir."

"Well, mebbe you would and mebbe you wouldn't. Anyway, I ain't going to risk it. You're my friend now and it's the way I tell you. The only enemies I ever had in my life was people I lent money to."

It is the opinion of a nephew that the old gentleman never lent a copper penny in his life and that he is merely theorizing when he talks of the quenching effect of loans upon the sacred flame of friendship. At the same time he concedes that it is more than likely that his relation is right.

"I've given him the opportunity to verify his position in a practical way," said the nephew, one day. "But that was only when I was in a tight place."



WHERE HE COULD WATCH IT.

He said he would love to do it, but he wasn't going to lose the affection of his pet sister's only boy on account of a few paltry, dirty dollars. I told him that I would insert an "unwavering affection" clause in the note along with the interest and waiver of exemptions, but he couldn't see it. On the whole I'm glad he didn't. I went to a man who advertised that he assisted people of delicate sensibilities and cultured instincts. I didn't quite see what his instincts and sensibilities had to do with the case, but it seemed to me that I hit the requirements anyway, and I went to him.

"He soaked it to my delicate sensibilities at the rate of about 15 per cent. a month, and he made it rather unpleasant for me. He could raise the goose flesh on a man's cultured instincts beyond anybody I ever went up against, but after all I don't believe he was a marker to what Uncle Peter would be if a man owed him anything. I can imagine a man cherishing undying enmity toward Uncle Peter about 30 days after he had touched him for a five-supposing such a thing possible. You've heard father tell about the hoe, haven't you?"

The father of the nephew tells about the hoe quite frequently—or, rather, he begins to tell about it. His love for the venerable Uncle Peter has not been dimmed by any sordid squabble over borrowed money any more than has that of his son, but it has been chipped at the edges in some other way apparently.

It appears that when Uncle Peter's beard was of a virile sandiness and long before his farm was surveyed and platted into town lots, with duly dedicated streets and alleys running along the

rutabaga and cauliflower rows. He owned a hoe.

Speaking of the cauliflower reminds the nephew's father of the time Uncle Peter's hired man, Lem Jackson, was digging potatoes and threw some clods into the wagon along with the tubers. He says that Uncle Peter threw the clods out again and exhorted Lem to be more particular and even to take time to knock off any dirt that might stick to "them taters."

"I paid \$25 an acre for that dirt, Lem," he remonstrated. "Not only that, but I've spent a matter of \$81 more for fertilizers since I took the place. What you throw into that there wagon don't do nobody no good. It don't hold it's shape long enough to pass for a tater and get paid for as such; it just grinds up inter dust and shakes out of the wagon on the road to town."

Lem retorted: "Uncle Peter, don't you reckon you git even on that with what mud you bring in off the road in the weather?"

The hoe had been bought at the store where the pleasant and unbragging town of Lombard now is. When it was new Uncle Peter used to treat it like a fine-tuned razor. He never allowed a hired man to use it, and he used to bring it in with him from the field at noon and stand it up in the kitchen, where he could watch it while he ate his dinner. When the year's work was done he would give it a coat of axle grease to protect it from rust and then would lock it up in the tool shed.

In course of time, however, the hoe grew dull, and Uncle Peter had to take a file to it. After the third filing he let Lem Jackson take it to hill up the beans, and Lem got tired and leaned on it too heavily.

Uncle Peter took it very hard. He told Lem he would just as soon have had him haul and slap him in the face. The hired man offered to pay for the hoe, and Uncle Peter said that was the least he could do. He held back \$1.65 of Lem's wages, figuring 15 cents for the wagon hauling from Lombard. Then he nailed up the fracture in the handle and watched it with wile, and handing it to Lem, told him to use it more carefully in future.

"I dunno but I ought to charge you fer my time-a-fixin' it," remarked Uncle Peter.

The hired man said he'd like to know how he made that out, and "accordin' to the way he figgered the hoe belonged ter him."

"I ain't agoin' to argyer with you about it," said Uncle Peter, with dignity. "The hoe's mine. I bought an' paid fer it. If it was your's I'd still be entitled to charge you for repairs, but I didn't say that I would charge you. I only said I ought to charge you—and so I ought. By gum! I believe I will charge you."

"When you get a man that'll do things like that you've got a mighty mean man," said Uncle Peter's brother-in-law.

"I used to pity his women folks," he continued. "He had a right nice wife, and as saying as a woman need be, but she wasn't saving enough for Peter. He'd go nosing around in the laundry soap, and he'd pick up a scrap of something or another that he didn't think ought to be thrown out and pack it back into the house and say: 'See here, M'ier; these blamed spen'thrit ways of yours had ought to be quit.' At the same time he never got mad or mean before company. When there was company at the house, his wife told me, she used to sit and just look at him and wonder if it could be that she was mistaken about him after all."

About this time something usually occurs to break the thread of the narrative. It seems to work the same way with the nephew, so that a nobody in the suburb has ever heard the story of the hoe in its fullness. Both father and son start in good faith, but the temptation to digress is too much for them. They cannot resist telling about the time that Uncle Peter insisted on the utilization of the water in which Aunt Maria boiled the potatoes—how he insisted that potato soup was a palatable and nutritious article of diet, and would by no means be convinced that it was at least necessary to peel the potatoes before boiling them, holding the peeling of potatoes to be sinful waste. A hundred instances of their relation's frugality tempt them to daily in side paths from the straight and beaten track. The hoe has been filed down to a stub since it was last delivered to the hired man, and there is a rumor that a man in the subdivision named Wheeler was told that a neighbor came by night and borrowed it, but beyond that is nothing but the most vague surmise. It is agreed, however, that Uncle Peter is a pleasant, chatty old man. In fact, he seems to be liked outside of his family.—Chicago Daily Record.

GOLD DUST.

He who forgets God forgets his only certain good.—Boston Congregationalist.

There is a blessing in hardness. Enduring it with courage and persistence makes us strong.—J. K. Miller.

God is so great that He communicates greatness to the least thing that is done for His service.—John Wesley.

But the majority never know what their vocation is, because God does not intend them to know it. * * They even fulfill their vocation and do not know that they have done so.—Faber.

He who cannot feel indignation against wrong cannot in a manly way forgive injury. The only revenge which is essentially Christian is that of retaliating by forgiveness.—F. W. Robertson.

When you come down from the summits you do not come away from God. There is no task in life in which you do not need Him. The work bench needs His light as truly as the cloister.—Phillips Brooks.

The care of dying is with God. I cannot hinder it; I dare not hasten it. But the care of living He has shared with me. I cannot go wrong in dying if I make my life, by His assistance, what He meant that life should be.

The glory of a life is in the quantity of devotedness to God, in the fidelity with which the simplest thing is done, in the quantity of the higher life that can be thrown into the lowliest duty or the humblest position.—F. J. W. Ware.

Right living in the fullest sense of the word, the spirit of love to God and love to man, carried into every relation of life, brings the soul into such a state that it is sensitive to moral truth and apprehends it as by instinct.—G. S. Merriam.

It's Real Fun Now.

"Bobby is attending to his piano-lesson very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle.

"Yes," replied his mother. "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

"How do you manage it?"

"Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."—Tit-Bits.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Help That Came When Most Needed—Divine Power Resides in a Prayerful Life.

"I was on my knees praying about it. I told the Lord I could die if it was His will, but wouldn't He please spare my innocent children." These words were uttered at a "district meeting" in England, says the British Messenger, and were part of a poor woman's testimony to a recent godsend.

Two earnest men, belonging to a benevolent church, were visiting and distributing alms among the destitute one winter night, and at a late hour had nearly finished their round, when they learned that the widow for whom they intended their last donation had changed her residence. No one could tell them where she had gone. Finally one of the two men suggested the name of another woman as a person likely to need the modest sum still in their hands. She lived somewhat out of their way, but she was poor and the mother of a large family of young children. The men decided to carry her the money.

It was after ten o'clock when they found their way to the tenement house, and climbed three flights of dark stairs. A knock brought the woman to the door, and having made sure that she was the right person, they left the money in her hand. Surprised and thankful, she asked them from whom the gift came.

"From the Lord," they said, and immediately went away.

It was two weeks afterward that the poor mother told the story containing the pathetic passage which begins this article. She and her children had for some time failed to find work, she said, and were entirely without fuel and food. That night the hungry children had gone supperless to bed, and had cried themselves to sleep. She was alone, wrestling with her sorrow, when the knock of the messengers called her from her knees.

King David, when he was an old man, declared that he had "never seen the righteous forsaken." Men may challenge the "prayer test," and the theory of special providences may be doubted; but none will deny the personal advantage of a prayerful habit, and the reverent character that generally goes with it. We may go farther, and believe that such characters are among the divine forces that move the world.—Youth's Companion.

IN THE LORD'S OWN TIME.

The Necessity of Exercising the Virtue of Christian Patience—The Fruit Not Yet Ripe.

For several months before Bonaparte decided to give the Parisian mob his famous "whiff of grapeshot," he was often implored by his friends to come to the front in dealing with the political situation. His invariable reply was: "The fruit is not yet ripe; when it is ripe it will fall into my hand." There are many situations in this world that we cannot hurry without spoiling them. We have to wait for the slow processes of ripening, and then, on a favorable moment, we find that what could not have come to us a year or two before lies at our feet or falls into our hands. Events work together much like the words of a combination lock. You stand before a safe turning a little knob this way and that, and the safe remains just as securely locked as it was before you began your manipulations, but now turn the knob half an inch to the right or left, you hear a little click, and you can move back the heavy bolts without difficulty. There is no use of worrying or getting impatient about some things. You will have to wait until the combination is right, or to use Napoleon's figure, until the fruit is ripe, before just the situation will arise which you desire. Many a man has failed, when he was on the verge of success, because his impatience led him to pluck unripe fruit.—Boston Watchman.

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The Reign of Lawlessness



Number of Persons Lynched from January 5th, 1897, to January 5th, 1898.

Date.	Names.	Charge.	Place.	No.
Jan. 7, 1898.	F. J. Baker, colored Postmaster, Lincoln McGeeley, colored.	no charge, Murder.	Lake City, S. C. Maude P. O., O. T.	16
"	Devore, colored.	assault.	Peabody, Ark.	"
"	"	"	"	"
"	"	"	"	"
"	Marshall Chadwick, colored.	suspected of murder.	Colfax, Wash.	"
March 6, 1898.	Will Jones, colored.	suspected of stealing a hog, criminal assault.	Cleveland Co. Ark. Comorant, Miss.	"
March 6, 1898.	L. J. Johnson, white.	"	Rock Springs, Wyoming.	"
"	Bemret, "	"	"	"
April 2, 1898.	Wm. Bell, colored.	no crime.	Amite City, La.	"
May 1, 1898.	Albert Harris, "	suspected of house burning.	Anderson, S. C.	"
"	Garfield King, "	"	Salisbury, N. C.	"
"	Joe Kiser and Gilmore Johnson, colored.	shooting a white officer.	Charlotte, N. C.	"
June 2, 1898.	Sam and Curtis Young, colored.	shooting officer.	Clarksville, Md.	"
"	George Washington, colored.	shooting Constable.	Weimar, Texas.	"
"	John Becker, white.	murder.	Great Bend, Kansas.	"
"	John Jackson, colored.	"	Wetumpka, Ala.	"
"	Lewis Speir, colored.	murder.	"	"
"	Jose Thompson, colored.	murder.	"	"
June 22, 1898.	Charlie Washington, colored.	rape and robbery.	Dayton, Ala.	"
"	Wm. Street, colored, attempted assault (burned at stake).	"	Devilville, Va.	"
June 22, 1898.	Howlett, white.	murder.	Hillville, Va.	"
June 22, 1898.	Mrs. Jake Cebrows, colored.	nothing.	Piano, Texas.	"
June 22, 1898.	Parks, 8 yrs old, colored.	nothing.	Batesville, S. O.	"
July 11, 1898.	John Henry James, colored.	Criminal Assault, Wood's Crossing, Va.	"	"
July 11, 1898.	James Redd, colored.	Colored, Assault Coaling, Ala.	"	"
July 11, 1898.	Alex Johnson, colored.	Murder.	Monticello, Ark.	"
July 20, 1898.	W. T. Patterson, white.	murder.	Westville, Miss.	"
July 22, 1898.	Joe Williams, colored, impudent to white man.	"	Scotland Neck, N. C.	"
August 7, 1898.	Dan Orr, colored.	in white families room.	Palestines, Tex.	"
August 8, 1898.	John Meadows, colored.	Criminal Assault.	Oarmel, Ga.	"
August 9, 1898.	Will Sanders, colored.	murder.	Clarendon, Ark.	"
"	Dennis Ridd, "	"	"	"
"	Manse Castle, "	"	"	"
"	Rilla Weaver, "	"	"	"
"	Susie Jacobs, "	"	"	"
Aug. 20, 1898.	Mullock Walker, colored.	Sand-bagging.	Cornith, Miss.	"
Aug. 20, 1898.	Alex Walker, colored.	Troublesome.	Pleasant Hill, Ala.	"
Aug. 21, 1898.	James Nealey, colored.	Wanted Drink Soda Water.	Hampton, Ga.	"
Sept. 8, 1898.	Tom Miller, "	Colored, attempt assault.	Friendship Ga. Quitman, North Texas.	"
"	"	"	"	"
"	"	"	"	"
Sept. 11, 1898.	Ben Jones, white.	"	Liberty Mo.	"
"	Albert Anderson, colored.	Stealing.	Sulligent, Ala.	"
"	George King, "	"	"	"
Sept. 12, 1898.	White Pickett, "	Suspected Criminal Assault.	Griffin, Ga.	"
Sept. 22, 1898.	John Williams, colored.	murder and assault.	Mountain City, Tenn.	"
Oct. 5, 1898.	Wright Smith, colored.	Attempted Assault.	Annapolis, Md.	"
Oct. 9, 1898.	Jesse Shelton, colored.	Nothing.	Isaquena County Miss.	"
Oct. 23, 1898.	Fish Burke, colored.	Defended Themselves.	Harpersville, Miss.	"
"	J. E. Gatewood, "	"	"	"
"	Henry Anderson, "	"	"	"
"	John Anderson, "	"	"	"
"	Hugh Anderson, "	"	"	"
"	Sim Harsalon, "	"	"	"
"	Ben Harsalon, "	"	"	"
Oct. 23, 1898.	Arch Baur, "	Attempted Murder.	Lafayette, Ala.	"
Nov. 10, 1898.	John Anderson, colored.	Defended Themselves.	Phoenix, S. C.	"
Nov. 22, 1898.	Ed. Merriweather, colored.	No Crime.	Wilmington, N. C.	"
December 1, 1898.	Will Sanders, colored.	injured a white man.	Monticello, Ga.	"
December 6th, 1898.	Jake Glover, colored.	innocent.	Monticello, Ga.	"
Dec. 24, 1898.	Jeff Bolton, "	Barn Burning.	New Harmony Grove Ga.	"
Jan. 5, 1899.	Marshall McGregor, "	Colored Barn burning.	Bank, Ala.	"
Feb. 9, 1899.	Alfred Boynton and wife.	Colored Nothing.	Fort Gaines Ga.	"
Feb. 12, 1899.	Cupid Redding, "	Colored Murder.	Leesburg Ga.	"
March 1, 1899.	Morris Christopher, colored.	Criminal Assault.	Hoppe, Ark.	"
March 16, 1899.	William Cotton, Jr., colored.	Arson.	Falmouth, Ga.	"
"	Harrison Hudson, "	"	"	"
"	Ed. Brown, "	"	"	"
"	Henry Bingham, "	"	"	"
"	John Bingley, "	"	"	"
"	Jno. Jameson, (wounded).	"	"	"
"	George Tatum, "	"	"	"
"	General Duckett, colored.	Troublesome.	Little Rock Co., Ark.	"
"	Edwin Goodwin, "	"	"	"
"	Adam King, "	"	"	"
"	Joseph Jones, "	"	"	"
"	Benjamin Jones, "	"	"	"
"	Moses Jones, "	"	"	"
"	Joe King, "	"	"	"
"	John Johnson, "	"	"	"
"	Names unknown, "	"	"	"
"	Kinor Wilson, colored.	Fired on white man.	Silver City, Miss.	"
"	C. O. Reed, "	"	"	"
"	Willis Boyd, "	"	"	"
April 6, 1899.	Forest Samerson, colored.	Murder.	Brookville Miss.	"
"	Mose Anderson, "	"	"	"
April 11, 1899.	Rev Gilbert Ellison, "	Nothing.	Waynesboro Ga.	"
April 18, 1899.	A. H. Larue, white.	murder.	Henderson Tenn.	"
April 18, 1899.	Will White, white.	murder.	Clinton Ark.	"
April 23, 1899.	Sam Hese, colored.	Murder and Assault.	Newnan, Ga.	"
"	Rev. Lige Strickland, "	Innocent.	Falmouth, Ga.	"
"	Albert Sewell, "	Talked too much.	Brookville, Miss.	"
April 6, 1899.	Forest Samerson, colored.	Murder.	Brookville, Miss.	"
"	Mose Anderson, "	"	"	"
April 27, 1899.	Charles Williams alias Jones, colored.	Murder.	Galena, Kan.	"
April 27, 1899.	Mitchell Daniel, "	talked too much.	Leesburg, Ga.	"
April 30, 1899.	Will Biebs, "	Barn-burning.	Oseola, Ark.	"
May 8, 1899.	Bill Dillee, "	Trespass.	Lebanon, Tenn.	"
May 24, 1899.	J. Humphries, white.	shelter a murderer.	Aley, Henderson Co., Tex.	"
"	His Son, "	"	"	"
April 27, 1899.	Mitchell Daniel, colored.	Talked too much.	Leesburg, Ga.	"
June 14, 1899.	Lewis Patrick, "	Murder.	Beaufort, N. C.	"
June 27, 1899.	Ed. Ellis, "	Defended a colored man.	Gardiff, Ala.	"
"	Jim Dill, "	"	"	"
"	Adam Samuels, "	"	"	"
June 5, 1899.	Will Hill, "	Brother to a murderer.	McClay's Mill, Ala.	"
June 14, 1899.	Lewis Patrick, "	Suspected of Murder.	Moorehead City, N. O.	"
June 12, 1899.	Forest Samerson, colored.	Drowned a Man.	Dunnellon, Fla.	"
July 9, 1899.	Abner Calhoun, "	Innocent.	Campbell Co., Ga.	"
July 15, 1899.	Si Smith, white.	Murder.	Gainesville Ga.	"
"	Pat Bowers, "	bad character.	Lexington, Co., S. C.	"
July 22, 1899.	Frank Defatta, Italian, wounded a white man.	"	Tallahula, La.	"
"	Mrs. William Connard, "	white Mormonism.	Jasper Co. Mo.	"
"	Frank Defatta, "	Colored Assault.	Higbee Mo.	"
"	Charles Defatta, "	"	"	"
"	Jo Defatta, "	"	"	"
"	Sy Defferroch, "	"	"	"
"	John Cereno, "	"	"	"
"	Click Davis, colored.	murder.	Wilmoth, Ark.	"
"	"	"	"	"
"	Louis Sammin, "	"	"	"
"	Frank Embree, "	assault.	Steinmetts, Mo.	"
July 26, 1899.	Henry Novels, colored.	attempted assault.	Hattiesburg, Miss.	"
"	Charles Mack, "	"	"	"
"	Randall Hamilton, "	Nothing.	Leesburg, Ga.	"
"	John Hamilton, "	Church-burning.	Fuqua Prairie Tex.	"
Aug. 8, 1899.	Adolphus Brown, colored.	"	"	"
"	Edgar Barr, "	"	"	"

Ed			
ug 11.	W. Wilson,	"	Put hand on white woman, Jasper.
"	B Chambers,	"	Attempted Assault, Fort Gibson, Mo.
"	W McClure,	"	Criminal Assault, Bell Buckle, Tenn.
" 16	Char is Hart,	"	Attempted Assault
" 20,	Peter Lon and	"	"
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